





THE
HERALD OF LOVE,
BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
*V*ALENTINES
AND
ANSWERS,
FOR VARIOUS TRADES, &c.
WITH A SINGULAR VALENTINE FROM THE
DAUGHTER OF JOHN BULL
TO
BONAPARTE.

Surry:

Printed by J. McGowen, 15, Church-street, Blackfriars-road,
For, and Sold by, J. KER, No. 2, Green
Walk, Bear Lane, Christ Church;

Sold also by T. Hughes, Stationers' Court,
Ludgate Street; N. and J. Muggeridge,
Borough; S. Elliot, High Street, Shad-
well; and R. Jones, Toy-Man,
No. 25, Ludgate Street.

[Entered at the Stamp Office.]

[Price Sixpence.]



THE HERALD OF LOVE.

VALENTINE.

SWEET, lovely girl, my best my dearest care,
As Hebe blooming, and as Venus fair,
Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
My love, my friend, my valentine, my joy ;
May fair content for ever fill thy breast,
And not one envious care disturb thy rest !
May love, the purest passion of the skies,
Play round thy heart and sparkle in thine eyes :
May all thy worth, be virtue's sweet reward,
And goodness only claim thy just regard.
And when this busy scene of life is o'er,
And vain illusions vex the heart no more ;
Midst brightest saints, O may I meet my dear
And feel that love improv'd, I cherish'd here.

VALENTINE TO A BEAU.

BELIEVE me, dear Jack,
There is nothing you lack,
But what you with ease may acquire ;

You've a good share of sense,
 You have silver and pence,
 As much as your wants may require.
 Then it must be confess'd,
 When your handsomely drest,
 That your air and your figure is smart ;
 Thanks, thanks, to dear pride,
 She has arm'd my weak side,
 Or I should be afraid of my heart.
 I've observ'd you with pain,
 Too conscious and vain,
 Of your graces of mind, and of form ;
 Indeed, I disdain,
 A being so vain,
 So I wish *gentle youth*—you'd reform.
 If a change should take place,
 You no doubt will find grace,
 In the sight of the good and the fair ;
 Heaven grant that it may
 As it's valentine's day,
 My good wishes you have I declare.

VALENTINE.

WHILST you fair nymph far distant are,
 Far from your lover's tender care ;
 His anxious bosom finds no rest,
 For grief sits heavy on his breast ;
 Depriv'd of thee, no joy he tastes,
 But in un'vailing sorrow wasts.
 Since then, the ruthless fates compel,
 Thy swain remote from thee to dwell ;

Let pity touch thy gentle frame,
 For tho' I am absent—still the same,
 My constancy and truth you've known,
 Reward my love then with thy own :
 So shall my bosom find relief
 From the oppressive hand of grief,
 So shall my flame for ever live,
 And all be thine that I can give ;
 Sweet maid, ~~then let your heart incline~~ *we*
 To accept ~~me for your Valentine.~~ *Spence & Co*

VALENTINE.

THE man who feels the sweet disease,
 Forgets himself, neglects to please ;
 Avoids the crowd, and seeks the groves ;
 And much he thinks when much he loves.
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
 Those trifles pass unseen along,
 'Tis solitude alone can please,
 And gives some interval of ease ;
 He feeds the soft distemper there,
 And fondly courts the distant fair.
 When thus your absent swain can do,
 Mary, you may believe him true,
 Then doubt no more, but pray incline,
 To accept me for your Valentine.

VALENTINE. :

STAY gentle Anna, heavenly fair,
 O ! hear a lover's humble prayer ;
 Let his petition granted be
 Whose fervent wishes burn for thee,

E'er since I saw that love'y face,
 That mien and coyly winning grace,
 No longer pleasure I enjoy'd,
 My mind, all other objects cloy'd.
 E'er since I saw that sparkling eye,
 'That rosy blush and gentle sigh;
 Restless I spend the tedious day,
 Sleepless I weep the night away.
 Come then, approach, thou charming fair,
 Let me not languish with despair;
 Pity alas! a love sick heart,
 Wounded by Cupid's sharpen'd dart,
 Come, and with gentle heart incline,
 To love your friend and Valentine.

VALENTINE.

FRAUGHT with each charm, luxuriant nature
 yields,

That springs soft season, scatters o'er the fields;
 When first dear girl your faultless form I saw,
 Entranc'd I gaz'd with sweet and silent awe.
 Heaven witness for me, from that hour my flame
 Is constant still to you, and still the same;
 My humble merit is a heart sincere,
 That longs to dry the mourner's trickling tear,
 That heart believe me, no desire can share,
 But thou its best, its dearest self is there;
 Now nature smiles on every object near,
 Proclaims the happiest season of the year:
 Oh! let me bless the hour that makes thee mine,
 And be my ever faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A LADY,

*With a Painting of two Hearts united and crown'd
with Roses,*

BRIGHT emblem of the budding rose,
In blooming spring that early blows;
Like her the ravish'd sense you meet,
As fair, as innocent, and sweet.
To you your Valentine commends
His suit, and this soft emblem sends,
Two hearts united here combine,
Were that the lot of yours and mine,
Sure the chaste union would be found,
By heav'n, with constant blessings crown'd.

VALENTINE.

I PRITHEE send one back my heart,
The glowing heart you've won;
But if from that, you will not part,
Then lend to me your own.—
And Betsy hear each tender sigh,
And tune my anxious mind,
All other pains I will defy,
When you my fair are kind.
In thee each pleasing form I trace,
Where love secure presides,
Where every charm, and every grace,
With virtue gently glides.

VALENTINE.

O! THOU for whom my early years,
My spring of life was spent in tears;
Come sooth thy faithful lover's pain,
And bless his longing arms again.

The passing hour that slowly flies,
 My bosom's wonted peace denies;
 For ah! my love, unblest with thee,
 It seems a cheerless age to me.
 O! come my love, Oh! haste away,
 Impatient still for thee I stay;
 Come be my faithful Valentine,
 And ever let me call thee mine.

VALENTINE.

MARIA attend to my theme
 To thee I devout the fond lay,
 For thou art the maid I esteem
 And this homage I willingly pay.
 'Tis the first time that e'er I did try,
 In a versified way to indite;
 And perhaps when my pen I throw by,
 I no more may be tempted to write.
 I know thou art virtuous and fair,
 And (what's better) art virtuous and good;
 Yet thus public, thy charms to declare,
 May by thee be deemed too rude.
 'Tis Valentine's day, and I here end my lay,
 With hopes you will to it attend,
 Till I meet you on some future day,
 Believe me, your lover and friend.

VALENTINE.

With the Picture of Truth.

IN this emblem you may see
 Betsy what resembles me;
 From the hour, your charms I prov'd
 From that hour, I fondly lov'd:

Pure and lasting is my flame
 And on that, I found my claim;
 Not a Valentine alone
 For my heart is all your own.
 You are first in every theme,
 Waking thoughts, and nightly dream:
 You the first that bless'd my sight,
 With the morning's op'ning light;
 May this morn auspicious prove
 To your Valentine and Love.

VALENTINE

To the Person intended for the writer's Wife.

ARISE my fair and come away,
 For lo, the glorious Sun;
 In haste brings on the joyful day,
 Will join us two in one.
 To charm my soul with true delight,
 Arise then, hast be mine;
 My cares shall fly before thy face,
 My lovely Valentine.
 And soon shall Hymen join our hands;
 May every bliss betide,
 Thy faithful swain, and thou dear maid,
 My lovely, blooming bride.

VALENTINE.

EACH Sunday morn with joy I rise,
 And straight to Church repair;
 Where I behold your sparkling eyes,
 My sweet Angelic fair.
 Tinctur'd by love, I scarce conceive
 Whate'er the Parson says,

As you my pensive thoughts bereave
 Whilst on your charms I gaze.
 For Cupid wanton, am'rous boy,
 Has set my soul on fire;
 My breast has fill'd with love and joy,
 For thee whom I admire.
 Then Oh! thou lovely, blooming maid,
 Believe my heart is thine;
 And thou alone can give me ease,
 My charming Valentine.

VALENTINE.

THE pangs that pierce my heart this day,
 I really will declare.
 For you dear Youth I languish so,
 You are to me most dear.
 But should I write a volume through,
 I could not plainer tell;
 The passion that usurps my mind, X
 How much I love, how well.
 No other earthly bliss I ask,
 Heaven to my wish incline;
 And grant me but this humble suit
 You for my Valentine.

VALENTINE.

SWEET lover of domestic life,
 Foe to ambition, noise and strife,
 By no vain fancies drawn aside;
 To vanity, disdain, or pride,
 Thy passions all compos'd, thy mien
 Easy and free, thy look serene:

Thus form'd to give those joy's refin'd,
 Which spring from love and friendship join'd,
 Keep me no longer from thy arms,
 But give, O give me ! all thy charms ;
 Without thee almost dead I grieve,
 But with thee, I shall more than live :
 Oh ! be my Valentine and friend,
 My love and truth can know no end.

VALENTINE.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thy altar Love !
 I feel thy soft resistless flame,
 Glide swift through all my vital frame,
 For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows.
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
 And floods of transports overwhelm my soul ;
 My faltering tongue attempts in vain,
 In soothing murmurs to complain ;
 My tongue, some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs.
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear ;
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die :
 But may kind heav'n your heart incline,
 To love your faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

YOUR homely face Amelia you disguise,
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes,
 Patching and painting's requisite to you,
 For more I'm pleas'd the less your face I view.

Yet I advise tho' 'tis an arduous task,
 Wear but one patch—let that patch be a mask;
 Your aukward airs, and gait, will ne'er incline,
 My heart to be, your constant Valentine,

VALENTINE

To a haughty Lady.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
 Each day augments, your proud disdain;
 'Twas then enough to break my heart,
 And now thank heav'n to break my chain.
 Scornful Fanny, cease to shun me,
 Now let love, and hatred cease;
 Half that rigour had undone me,
 All that rigour gives me peace.
 I loved thee beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow;
 So chang'd, my once wish'd Valentine,
 'Twere perjury to love the now.

VALENTINE.

WHY like a tyrant will you reign,
 When you may rule the willing mind;
 Can the poor pride of giving pain,
 Repay the joys that wait the kind.
 I curse my fond complaining heart,
 Which scorn'd, presumes not to be free;
 Condemned to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself, and burn for thee.

VALENTINE.

YOU said my Charlotte, t'other day,
 Do you love me really, as you say?

Or are these tender words applied,
 Alike to fifty Girls beside?
 Dear cruel Girl, I say forbear,
 For by those eyes, those lips—I swear:
 If I'm forsworn, thy love decline,
 Nor choose me for your Valentine:
 But witness Heav'n, you're my desire,
 To which all earthly thoughts aspire.

VALENTINE.

NOT Patty, that I juster am,
 Or better than the rest;
 For I would change, each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.
 But I am tied to very thee,
 By every thought I have;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.
 All that in woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear self I find,
 For the whole sex can but afford,
 The handsome, and the kind.
 Why then should I seek farther store,
 A new love to incline;
 When change itself, can give no more,
 Than my sweet Valentine.

VALENTINE.

THINK not dear youth when secret grief,
 Preys on my sadden'd heart;
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or would from sorrow part.
 Dearly I prize those sighs sincere,
 That my true fondness proves



Nor could I bear to check the tear,
 That flows from hapless love.
 Alas! tho' doom'd to hope in vain,
 The joys that love requite;
 Yet will I cherish all its pain,
 With sad, but sweet delight.
 This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be;
 But dearest, may the pangs I bear
 Be never known to thee.

VALENTINE.

TO you Sophia, lovely maid,
 The tribute due, this morn is paid,
 My heart I now resign;
 Accept, fair Nymph, my offer'd vows,
 The youth, who to your merit bows,
 Your constant Valentine.

VALENTINE.

YOUR beauties with age you will lose,
 Then seize the short moment of joy;
 Your Edward reward with your love,
 Who, your every care will destroy.
 Come let us our transports begin,
 Nor longer let Hymen delay;
 Our hands and our hearts let us join,
 And fix it for Valentine's day.

VALENTINE.

HOW long shall hapless Henry mourn,
 The cold regard of Anna's eye?
 The heart, whose only crime is love,
 Can Anna's softness doom to die?

Sweet is your name to Henry's ear,
 Your beauties so divinely bright!
 In one short hour by Anna's side,
 I taste whole ages of delight.
 Yet tho' I lov'd you more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid;
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 And sighed amidst the distant shade.
 Small is the wealth that Henry boasts,
 Nor has he power—or will to rove;
 With wealth I court not Anna's heart,
 A nobler bribe I offer—LOVE!
 But should you Anna yield your hand,
 And thoughtless wed for wealth alone:
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless your own.
 I know the wealthy Edmund tries,
 To gain that gentle heart of thine,
 Let pity plead for Henry's pain,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

A secret fire consumes my heart,
 And to augment my raging pain,
 The charming foe that rais'd the smart,
 Denies me freedom to complain.
 But since it's just we should conceal,
 The bliss and woe in love we feel,
 Then hear me, lovely Sally, say,
 What rapture would one smile convey.

VALENTINE.

ELLEN tho' I'm doom'd to languish,
 Tho' no relief sweet girl I see;

Rack'd with sorrow torn with anguish,

Yet my heart shall dwell with thee ;

Why did e'er these eyes behold you ?

In your bewitching beauties dress'd ;

Lur'd to love, too soon they told me,

Ellen triumph'd o'er my breast.

Oh may thy bosom never prove,

The pang like mine of hopeless love :

May pity let your heart incline,

To save from death your Valentine.

Valentine with the Portrait of the Writer.

Accept this portrait of your constant love,

Whose truth no force, nor charm, can e'er remove,

But still alike in every place will bear,

The sweet remembrance of his absent fair.

Meanwhile, as hence I shortly shall depart,

Let me not lose my interest in your heart ;

But least forgetfulness should damp the flame,

Which still to cherish is my ardent aim.

If in your sight, I e'er could pleasing be,

Then view this picture, and remember me ;

And while you gaze, it will recall to mind,

Tho' absent, yet your faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

WITH gentle step, and graceful air,

I saw fair Mary move,

Whilst I gaz'd quite unaware,

And gave my soul to love.

Then lovely maid, accept my trivial rhyme,

And take me for your constant Valentine.

VALENTINE.

The feather'd race together meet,

The tuneful blackbird and the thrush,
 Make vocal every tree and bush !
 Like them dear youth, in love let's join,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A SAILOR.

WHAT dreadful dangers have been mine,
 Since last I saw my Valentine :
 Tempests and storms upon the deep,
 Would make thy gentle heart to weep.
 The fury of the foe combin'd,
 When many a tar his breath resigned ;
 All these by good fate I've withstood,
 The perils of the raging flood.
 Escap'd from all those various ills,
 Safe is return'd, your constant WILL ;
 Evils severe I oft endure
 Which you will pity I am sure,
 If that your love is still the same,
 You'll not delay the day to name ;
 And should your love, but equal mine,
 I'll bless the day of Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A SAILOR.

Tho' your country calls you, I hope you'll prove
 true,
 May your voyage be prosp'rous, success to your
 crew ;
 Yet oft I shall sigh when the heavy clouds ride
 O'er a tempestuous sky, while you roll on the tide,
 Each boist'rous gale will my terrors renew,
 I shall fear for my sailor and his valiant crew.

My heart's truly your's, and well you it know
 Heav'n save you from dangers, waves, rocks,
 and the foe !

Let your heart be inspired by the powers divine,
 And Providence bring home my true Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A VOLUNTEER.

To be a soldier's now the fashion,
 Therefore hear me declare my passion :
 Dear Miss, I really hope and trust,
 My red coat won't give you disgust.
 True, when my business I could mind,
 I always thought that you was kind ;
 But since I've been a Volunteer,
 I really think you're chang'd, my dear.
 'Tis true, it brings me heavy losses,
 Neglect of business, and such like crosses.
 You know when I could measure ribbons,
 Muslins, cambrics, and Irish linens ;
 My strict attention to my trade,
 Made me of no rival afraid.
 Now do not think that I neglect you,
 I am a Soldier to protect you ;
 And beg that you'll your heart resign
 To me your faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A CARPENTER.

Tho' you use such a tool as makes every thing
 smooth,
 Yet you're rough in your manners, and hard
 at heart ; -
 Therefore I must say, all your love I refuse,
 For I think it most pleasant when we are apart.

If your faws they are rough, your language is most,
 To such strange manners I've never been used;
 So with all your vain notions you've nothing to
 boast,

For its easy a better than you for to choose.
 So take warning by this, for there's worthy Tom
 Mallet,

I shall soon to the church with him trip away;
 Such a good natur'd man would suit any one's pa-
 late,

So good bye, Mr. Surly, 'tis Valentine's day.

VALENTINE TO A FOOTMAN.

Since last Valentine's day to my sorrow I find,
 You, Thomas, have run day and night in my mind;
 You're grown so bewitching as never before,
 For I find that I love you each day more and more.
 Each morning your face, with what pleasure I see,
 Not my own in the glass is so charming to me.
 I'm so vex'd I could cry when you're out of my
 sight;

But when you are present my heart feels delight.
 How I wish my dear Thomas, for life you were
 mine,

My lover, my friend, and my true Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A SHOE-MAKER.

I AM a shoe-maker undone,

And cannot be cured by art,
 For a damsel as bright as the sun,

Has stole away my heart;

And how to retrieve it again,

There is none but she can tell;

To cure me of my pain,
 By saying she loves me well.
 Alas! I'm often mistaken,
 For in sewing the vamp to the sole,
 I oftentimes pierce thro' the body,
 And makes a most terrible hole.
 My heart achs, as if stuck full of pegs,
 It is tortur'd and weary of life ;
 And I fear so will always remain,
 Unless you will be my dear wife.
 If you'll consent, you'll soon see,
 I'll work so spruce and so clever ;
 And if my Valentine you'll be,
 I'll love you for ever, and ever.

VALENTINE TO A SOLDIER,

THO' you think yourself a soldier smart,
 Dont think your big looks will charm my heart ;
 Your helmet fierce, and your coat so red,
 Clothe an artful heart, and a stupid head ;
 And tho' you are bedeck'd so fine,
 You ne'er shall be my Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A DAIRY-MAID.

WHENE'ER you smiling milk your cow,
 I feel my heart I can't tell how ;
 I quit my work with joy to see,
 You, Patty, sit beneath the tree.
 On Sundays when I see you drest,
 On Sundays I can take no rest,
 What can I do? 'on working days,
 I leave my work on you to gaze.
 What shall I say? at sermon I
 Forget the text, when you are by,

Surely my heart is in a blaze,
 While on your charms I fondly gaze;
 I fear 'twill burn and blaze to tinder,
 My heartstrings will be scorch'd to a cinder.
 O, tell me Patty, prithee tell!
 What I can do to please you well;
 How I can make your heart incline,
 To take me for your valentine.

VALENTINE TO A PASTRY COOK.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none has so engag'd my heart;
 As you who really look so neat,
 And in your business so complete.
 How sweet are all your sugar-plumbs,
 Your hot spice nuts, and nice plumb-buns,
 Your apple-tarts, and cheese-cakes fine,
 On them I often wish to dine.
 Your custards, jellies, sweet 'tis true,
 But none are half so sweet as you;
 When from your lips a kiss I take,
 'Tis a treat as rich as nice plumb-cake.
 And all those dainties that you sell,
 Really dont please me half so well:
 So to my anxious wish incline,
 I long to call you Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A PRINTER.

COULD I be blam'd for such a choice,
 Who such a man have found,
 That actually makes paper speak—
 It only wants the sound.
 I can no more my love conceal,
 For now I feel the smart;

'Tis strongly PRINTED on my mind,
 And PRESS'D into my heart.
 How striking does your type appear,
 In twenty-four lines pica,
 I cant withstand such qualities,
 Why all the world must like you !
 But then your four sheet posting bills,
 They make such a shine ;
 I really cant forbear to chuse
 You for my Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A BAKER.

I THOUGHT you honest, worthy Ned,
 But find I much mistake,
 Your plaguy allum t'other day,
 Gave me the belly-ach.
 If thus you cheat your customers,
 To make your bread look white ;
 For such a trick, I'll wed little Dick,
 And turn you off this night.
 Besides, your chalk I see,
 Why it makes two for one ;
 Did mortals ever hear such things,
 With you I have quite done.
 So now all thoughts give o'er of me,
 My heart is full inclined
 To give you up, choose little Dick,
 To be my Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A DYER.

I LONG have been searching a chioce for to
 make,
 And fix on a trade whose colours oft change,

You're so clever you often make old things like
new,

I prefer this odd notion, tho' some think it
strange:

If our habits look grim, you can soon put a shade,
That will cancel our faults (what a sweet pretty
trade)

If our conscience wants dipping, why that can't
be seen,

Yet our outsides with ease you can well scower
clean.

Tho' you oft change your colours, your heart
must be mine,

And you honest, good dyer, be my Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A BUTCHER.

HOW bright your steel, and clean your dress,

Your shop set out so neat,

With hooks and cloths so well laid out,

Your things are all complete.

So shrill your voice as I pass by,

Your beef like cherries red;

Your cheerful cry's! what do you buy?

How pleasant it is said.

Then pardon one whose heart is caught,

(For sure once was my mother's)

I many a one of you have bought,

You'll sure buy of another.

O let your heart be like a lamb,

And soon I shall incline,

I am in earnest, 'tis no sham,

To choose you for my Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A BRICKLAYER.

As I was pointing t'other day,
 (My mortar to be sure was blue,)
 It chanc'd that down my trowel fell,
 'Twas then dear maid, I first saw you,
 Love's temple in my heart you've built,
 So strong, my brick axe ne'er can cut,
 You've plumbed the bottom of my heart,
 Opened a door, which you must shut,
 So pray be kind, and close the wound,
 And plaister up all cracks of mine,
 Your faithful workman in return,
 Will be your constant Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A GARDINER.

NOW soon the BUDS they will appear,
 And next the BLOSSOMS smell so sweet;
 I've fruits of all sorts, for you my dear,
 With roses and lillies all complete.
 My time it passes dull indeed,
 Without you consent to be mine;
 And be the fairest of my fruit,
 I'll live and die your Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A TAYLOR.

MY heart you have pierc'd, like to a *button hole*,
 You have clipp'd all my comfort to *pieces*;
 The main-flaps of life are torn quite away,
 Thus daily my sorrow increases.
 My heart is scorch'd to a cinder so dry,
 Like a *sleeve* that is burnt by the *goose*,
 O pray my dear Nancy! give heed to my pain,
 Else soon with some *list*, I shall hang in a *noose*.

What would the folks say, when they hear the
bell toll,

That poor Tommy he died in his prime;
The grave then will be my *button hole*,
And you'll lose your kind Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A COACHMAN.

THE other day I saw you pass,
With four in hand so clever;
As I was tripping 'o'er the grass,
O, I wished you mine forever.
Sure such a one to smack a whip,
And at each Girl to leer,
But if to church with me you'd trip,
And to my sighs give ear,
My hand and heart, I'd give to thee,
My thoughts would all incline,
To study happiness, and agree,
With you, my Valentine.

VALENTINE FROM A PAINTER.

MY Colors are so dingy grown,
Without a smile from you,
That all my Red is turn'd to Brown,
And all things a dusky hue.
I fain would make my pencil trace,
Your comely form, and air,
But ne'er could justice do your face,
My handsome, lovely fair.
If to Hymens altar you'll with me go,
Ah, should your heart incline!
A likeness then perhaps could make,
Of you my Valentine.

VALENTINE TO A GARDINER.

If all your promises are as sweet,
 And lasting as the Vine ;
 I'll venture a graft along with thee,
 And be your Valentine .

Be sure, remember this one thing,
 Which now I ask of thee ;
 Altho' you set, and cut your Box ,
 I hope, you'll ne'er box me.

VALENTINE TO A TAYLOR.

YOUR customers you fit so neat,
 You measure each so well ;
 That, for a jacket, or a coat,
 To make, none can excel.
 If I could measure but your heart,
 To fit so well as mine ;
 With all other pleasure, I would part,
 For you my Valentine.

VALENTINE

From John Bull's Daughter to Bonaparte.

I SOME time ago, thought you a quiet man,
 And with what you had got, was contented ;
 But father tells me, you disturb all you can
 'Though you find that our coast's well defended.
 Each man has a right, for liberty to fight,
 But to quarrel with all is a poor thing ;
 Therefore take this advice, to set all things right,
 You will ne'er do, without you've a good King.
 'Tho' in flat bottom'd boats, you come to cut our
 throats,
 From such things—please God will soon alter ;

So I wish all had the gout, before e'er we fell out,
I believe 'twas about Mr. Malta.

Should you leave off your boast, of invading our
coast,

Which to you no advantage can derive;
Nor like the dog in the manger, bark at every
Stranger,

Yourself and others, of trade to deprive.
But let pride have a fall, which is ruin to all,
Each striving who shall be the greatest;
But learn in whom to put trust, for man is but
dust,

And to the earth at last, each man's fate is.
So when reason takes place, and in you I find
grace,

Act with prudence, like a nation divine;
Each land might be blest, and with a smiling face,
Perhaps I'd choose you for my Valentine.

VALENTINE.

'TIS Valentine's day, and the birds they all pair,
Which puts me in mind a partner to choose;
If some kind hearted maid, who is witty and fair,
Would accept of my offer, and not this refuse.

If one then for life, I could find to my mind,
She must know well, how to make and to mend,
Be cheerful and prudent, goodnatured and kind,
And to all reasonable things condescend.

Let her temper be level one day as another,
And not like many, meet troubles halfway;
But take all things for the best—I also must tell
you,

Not to gossip with neighbours, to idle the day.

But rise in the morn, and her business mind,
 Speak pleasant to each one, in a prudent way;
 Could I find such a one, to marriage inclined,
 She should be my Valentine, before the next
 May.

VALENTINE.

FORGIVE me Sophy, if I say,
 Your ways I can't approve;
 You pass your hours in idle play,
 Which you might much improve.
 'Tis true I really think you fair,
 But fickle is your mind;
 Pleas'd with the nonsense of each fop,
 To me alone unkind.
 Each air you study, and with art,
 Display a smiling face;
 To catch the wild unsteady heart,
 (Like mine) to lead in chase.
 But soon your lovers will decline,
 When they your faults survey;
 So take me for your Valentine,
 For ever and for aye.

VALENTINE.

WHAT shall I say to make my fair,
 Believe my vows, and love sincere!
 I call to witness all above,
 My faith, my truth, my constant Love.
 You hear unmov'd, my ardent sighs,
 You don't regard my speaking eyes;
 Nor see how ev'ry action strove
 To testify eternal Love.

But when I next before you sue,
 I'll swear by truth, by love, and you,
 Then let your gentle heart incline,
 To accept me for your Valentine.

VALENTINE.

THY Lovely looks, my charming Sal,
 Command the love of amorous Hal;
 He is so exquisitely fond,
 He'd take and duck him in a pond.
 Or if sweet maid, 'twas your desire,
 He'd throw himself into the fire,
 He would the roaring Lion engage,
 Nor dread the Wolf, or Tyger's rage.
 Or from a precipice most steep,
 He'd cast himself into the deep;
 Shut in a room, if you should please,
 With thousands, millions, Wasps and Bees.
 Yes for to gain one single smile,
 With pleasure he would walk a mile,
 On points of needles, or of pins,
 With red-hot irons against his shins.
 In short, there's nothing you could say,
 Which Harry would not swift obey;
 So do not let me longer pine,
 But be my constant Valentine.

A COLLECTION OF
ANSWERS,

WHICH MAY BE SENT

In reply to any of the foregoing
VALENTINES.

ANSWER.

I SAID I love'd—and you believ'd,
Yet trust me, we were both deceiv'd,
Though all I said was true :
I lov'd one generous, good and kind,
A form created in my mind ;
And thought that form was you.
But time has prov'd how very vain,
Were all those hopes, that gave me pain,
And joy—once soft and fine :
To ev'ry maid you've swore the same,
Your breast contains no virtuous flame ;
I'm not your Valentine.

ANSWER.

DO you on this Valentine's day,
 In earnest love me as you say?
 Or are those tender words applied,
 To fifty other Girls beside?
 I fear they are, and therefore, sir,
 If I believe, you'll think I err;
 And truly I myself should grieve,
 If I myself should so deceive.

ANSWER.

MY heart once hov'ring round about you,
 I thought I could not live without you;
 No more my heart for love shall grieve,
 Your artful airs mean to deceive,
 Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
 How I liv'd near you is a wonder.

ANSWER.

YOUR favor received,
 The epistle perus'd,
 Could you think that your heart
 Would by me be refus'd;
 You wrong me extremely,
 To think I could change,
 I've lov'd you a twelve-month,
 Nor e'er wish'd to range.
 And so if to-morrow
 My faith you would prove,
 I will meet you at church,
 And express how I love.

ANSWER.

YOUR love for me, I pray give o'er,
 You know I've told you oft before ;
 Plague me no more with tears and sighs,
 I know you're all made up of lies.
 To every girl you've vow'd the same,
 And oft express'd an ardent flame ;
 Your love's too fickle (I can find)
 To think I'll be your Valentine :
 I'm no such fool, so if you die,
 For love of me, I ne'er shall cry.

ANSWER.

I HOPE a Valentine will prove as true,
 As well in Old Style, as in New.

ANSWER.

THAT I have lov'd I own, that still I love,
 I call to witness all the powers above,
 And if beyond this life, desire can be,
 Not death itself, shall set my passion free :
 Then make me happy, for my heart is thine,
 And I will be, your faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

IF love, if gratitude, and fixed esteem,
 Can give to my Amelia's bosom rest,
 Then let the sun, its rays of comfort beam,
 For in my bosom it can never cease. X
 All fancies, doubts, and fears, that ill agree,
 To dark oblivion, pray now resign ;
 I'll bless that power, who grants such bliss to me,
 The dear belief thou wilt at last be mine,

ANSWER.

SIR, I beg you no more
 Will affect to adore,
 The girl that despises your pain ;
 I know you're a fool,
 An obstinate mule,
 And I ne'er wish to see you again.

ANSWER.

TWO Doves you sent, a cooing pretty pair,
 But Doves, are constant still and void of care :
 Such faith may not be yours, nor ease be mine,
 Were you my spouse, as you're my Valentine.

ANSWER.

DEAR Maid, and still my faithful Valentine.
 Pleas'd I except the smallest gift of thine ;
 Whate'er thou send'st, with fond affection take,
 And love the present, for the giver's sake.

ANSWER.

TO love, and be lov'd in return,
 Is all that I wish for on earth ;
 True love in my bosom doth burn,
 As I really am proud of your worth.
 If ever my eyes chance to rove,
 In search of another more fair ;
 Then condemn me to languish and love,
 To sigh and to wish in despair.

ANSWER.

IF all's sincere that you declare,
 You've gained this heart of mine ;

With joy I'll lead my lovely fair,
To church—sweet Valentine.

VALENTINE.

THY numerous charms, my lovely Anna, prove,
The powerful empire of that tyrant, Love !
Tyrant ! too harshly I express his sway ;
His power in thee, 'tis pleasure to obey.
How great's his force ! how swift his arrow flies,
How keen it strikes when darted from your eyes ;
Oh ! let me offer then a heart sincere,
That knows no pleasure when you are not near ;
Deign to accept a faithful Valentine,
And in return, O let your heart be mine.

VALENTINE

From an Officer leaving the Country.

YES I must part, and part, alas ! from you,
Oh ! how it galls, to give the sad adieu :
Not all the shock, expiring mortals feel,
When death inflicts the long expected steel.
Not all the pangs, reflection's torments cast,
On souls deny'd the Heaven, they long to taste,
Can half express—yet love is sure no sin,
The dreadful pain, that gnaws my heart within.
Adieu !—tho' heav'n has each warm wish deny'd,
Seas will obstruct us, and fierce war divide ;
Tho' the dire school of Mars, awhile detain,
The grosser body, on her distant plain.
My soul that's free, as thin pervading air,
Shall ever haunt the place, where dwells my fair ;

Meantime, where George, and Glory calls, I fly,
To fight the battles of fair Liberty.

Secure 'mid storms of death, I'll tread the field,
For Love shall fence me with his seven-fold shield
A few short months will send me back again,
Enrich'd with Gallia's spoils, and wealth from
Spain.

For thee Ophelia, what I'd undergo,
I can't express—nor can you ever know;
Believe my honest heart, and vows sincere,
And let no anxious doubt e'er interfere,
To wound thy breast, or doubt this heart of mine,
Who'll be till death, your faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

HOW happy the days move along,
Since Emma, my flame you approve;
Since you smiled with sweet modest reserve,
And proclaim'd the blest sound of—I Love! X
No more sleepless nights shall oppress,
My bosom, and make my heart pine;
Nor suspense with its tortures distress
Since you are my sweet Valentine. *no more + her*

VALENTINE.

OH! Harriet whence this tender sigh,
That swells my bosom half suppress'd?
This tear that dims my conscious eye,
This blush, that speaks my feeling breast.
Tell me, can Friendship's gentle power,
Thus fondly link my soul to thee;

Or thro' my passive bosom pour,
 This pleasing, melting sympathy
 If Harriet, there's no other name,
 Thy gentle ear from me'll endure;
 'Tis Friendship, strong as Love's pure flame,
 'Tis Love; that glows as Friendship pure
 And sure my gentle Harriet will incline,
 To accept me for her faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

THOUGH other swains to me themselves
 address,
 'Tis you alone I choose from all the rest;
 Cold and insipid does their courtship seem,
 For none but you does my heart feel esteem.
 Oh! should you entertain another Love,
 Should you unkind to me, and faithless prove:
 No mortal e'er could half so wretched be,
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.
 No change of fortune ever shall remove,
 The settled base of my eternal Love;
 Believe your ever faithful Valentine,
 Whose only wish on earth's to call you mine.

23 JY 68

THE END.

Printed by J. McGowen, 15, Church-street, Blackfriars-road.

